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Mentally masturbating for 58 years.

MARTLET

Thursday, August 18, 2005 | The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper | www.martlet.ca | Volume 58, Issue 4

GO SPEED RACER, GO!

PAGE 4

PATRICK CRANE PHOTO

Editorial

What's in it for us?

Once, not too long ago, there was a public gas utility in B.C.

But that all changed in 1988, when it was privatized under Bill Vander Zalm's Social Credit government. The new entity became BC Gas Inc.

Provisions that the number of shares owned by foreign investors couldn't exceed 20 per cent, the head office would remain in B.C. and the company couldn't be sold or merged accompanied the privatization.

The B.C. in BC Gas was lost when the company was renamed Terasen Gas in 2003, about the same time the provincial government—that'd be the Campbell Liberals—eliminated the foreign investor rule.

Now Terasen has been bought by Texas-based pipeline company Kinder Morgan.

Oil baron and former Enron exec Richard Kinder stands to make big money from the deal.

Not only will he be profiting from the natural gas we use everyday, but he'll also be able to pump oil from the Alberta oil sands directly out of the country—the real money-maker in this deal, especially as supplies elsewhere in the world start to dwindle.

It's not quite so clear if we in B.C. will benefit from the $6.9 billion transaction.

Will there be jobs? Sure, but those jobs already belong to British Columbians. And Kinder Morgan, the company behind the sale, has a history of buying up other companies and laying off workers.

In fact, the Canadian Office and Professional Employees Union, which represents more than 400 workers at Terasen, has already called on the B.C. government to protect their jobs.

What about money then? Well, Terasen shareholders stand to get some—the deal from Kinder Morgan offers $35.75 per share (a 20 per cent gain), or a combination of cash and Kinder Morgan shares.

The best news so far for B.C. residents seems to be that gas prices probably won't go up anytime soon (they're regulated by the B.C. Utilities Commission), the name will stay the same, and the head office will remain in Vancouver.

That isn't all that reassuring, since no one has mentioned the supply of gas. Kinder Morgan has no obligation to keep gas flowing to B.C., especially when demand south of the border starts to increase.

What happens if the oil sands are no longer profitable, and Kinder Morgan has nothing more to gain? Will the people of B.C. become their number one priority? Or will American needs—not to mention Kinder's pocketbook—trump our needs?

Doesn't seem like a fair trade, somehow.

Editorial topics are decided at weekly editorial meetings and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of all staff members.

Don't like what you read? Write us, or write for us. edit@martlet.ca

MARTLET
The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper

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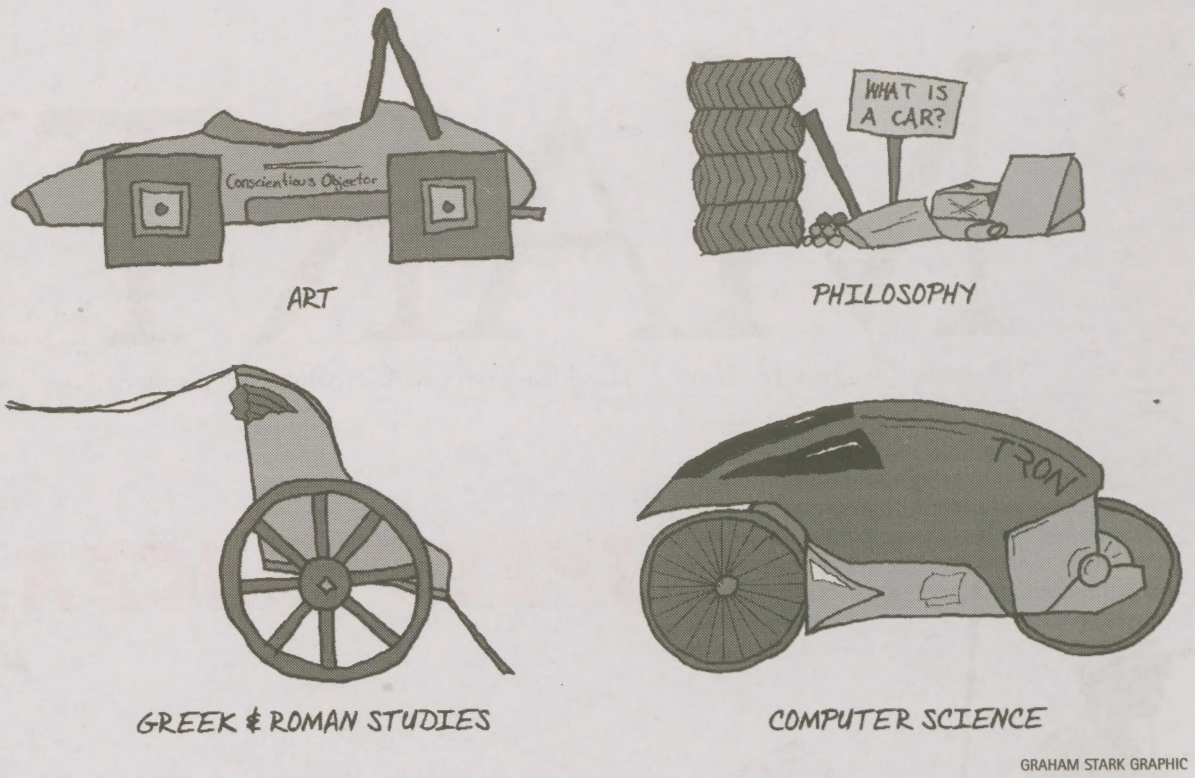
Not willing to let the Engineering department take all the glory, other faculties unveil their own race car designs:



GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

Mental masturbation and you

'We are not genetically predisposed to judge the sexes differently. It is a learned behavior.'

by Morgan vanHumbeck

Today, in my philosophy class, the point was raised that women's sexuality is oppressed in modern society. Giving it some thought, I concluded quite the opposite.

Certainly, there are elements of oppression and there are parts of the world where female sexuality is treated in a draconian fashion.

But in Canada in 2005, female sexuality is not only *not* oppressed, it is celebrated.

If a woman explores her sexuality she is supported. Her friends, male and female, would most likely encourage her. If a man does the same, he is admonished or, at best, met with indifference.

I am not suggesting that women should be admonished. Quite the opposite, in fact. I believe that all people should be encouraged to find out what is right for them and continue to do so as long as they desire—and that means both men and women.

Let me begin with a question: if you are a woman, what would you think if you found a silicone model of female genitalia in your boyfriend's closet? Now for men, what would you think if you found a dildo in your girlfriend's closet?

It is my suspicion that the reactions of most women would range from indifference to shock or disgust. In the reverse situation, the reactions would range from indifference to praise. At worst, her boyfriend might note "I see you're keeping busy" with a grin from ear to ear.

Why would the answers be different? On what grounds is a double standard justified? The difference does not lie in biology—we are not genetically predisposed to judge the sexes differently. It is a learned behavior.

Male sexuality is often dramatically and unfairly reduced. Many people believe that men enjoy all sex without exception and that masturbation is simply a way of relieving sexual tension when there is no one to have sex with. It follows that men shouldn't need sexual aids as their satisfaction is based on whether they are getting laid or not.

Secondly, if a man is exploring his own sexuality it is considered weakness. He ought to be with as many women as time facilitates, not exploring self gratification or even abstention.

Where do these views come from? Most would point fingers at the media, government or religion. These powerful forces often promote sex-negative views, but they cannot reasonably be blamed. The greatest influence on us comes from parents and peers.

Ultimately, the blame lies closer to home. Many who claim to be egalitarian end up promoting stereotypes without even recognizing it—if you've ever called someone a "slut" to admonish them then you've added to sex-negative culture.

In order to achieve sexual equality we must discard judgmental opinions. Do that, and there will be no inequality.

So don't judge me just because I happen to be kick ass at "dealing" with myself!

on the spot

THIS ISSUE'S QUESTION:
What's your best summer partying story? Preferably involving vomit. Yours or otherwise.

WITH ED BASKERVILLE & GRAHAM STARK

Lydia Zucconi:
Well, no vomit, but there was a time when I went to a party and there was a bunch people body-slamming to Mexican death-metal. And that was the extent of the party.

EB:
Was tequila involved?

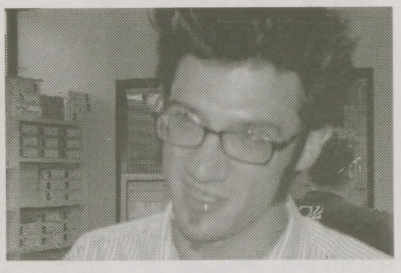
LZ:
I assume so.

GS:
Mexican death-metal? Awesome!

Sarah Richardson:
Actually, I've been good this summer, which is bad.

EB:
So no vomit?

SR:
I'd rather not tell anything. Too many people in this town have seen me vomit.



Mark Pollard:
Okay, here, there was a couple straight dudes . . . in the hallway . . . imagine what you can . . . clothes coming off, etcetera . . . some stuff I can't tell you . . .

EB:
Does it involve kissing?

MP:
Oh yeah. And further. And further. And then one of the straight dudes making out with the other dude's girlfriend. All very loaded.

Homeless in the Garden City

by Sarah Towle

The Cool Aid Society hopes a 16-month calendar featuring photos by shelter users will raise awareness of homelessness in Victoria.

This past March, the Cool Aid Society, in partnership with Leadership Victoria, handed out disposable cameras to shelter users at Cool Aid's Streetlink Emergency Shelter and Sandy Merriman House. Photographers were asked to share images of homelessness that they wanted to communicate to the public.

In four days, the Victoria Cool Aid Society was flooded with almost 500 photos. Shelter users, Cool Aid staff, Leadership Victoria participants, and community members selected 16 photos, along with stories and statistics about homelessness in Victoria, to be featured in the calendar, aptly titled "Homeless in the Garden City."

Profits made from the calendar will go towards the second homeless count in Victoria, which, according to Cool Aid, helps provide objective data for their projects.

According to this year's homeless count, approximately 700 people are homeless in Victoria, 200 of these sleep outdoors and 100 are children.

However, these statistics often aren't enough motivation for community involvement. "What gets lost sometimes is taking the time to show others everyday homeless life," said Don McTavish, manager of the Cool Aid Shelters.

Everyday life on the streets is exactly what the calendar's photos and stories portray. From Jake, whose dog has become the only family member "who loves me no matter what," to a picture of a young woman on the street, nicknamed Peanut, making a peace sign with her hand, the graphic black and white photos and disheartening stories put a name and a face to the growing problem of homelessness in our city.

The calendar was revealed at a launch party Aug. 15 at the Canoe Brew Pub, followed by an open house at Cool Aid's Streetlink Shelter. Federal NDP leader, Jack Layton, attended and spoke at the launch, discussing solutions for helping to alleviate homelessness in Canada.

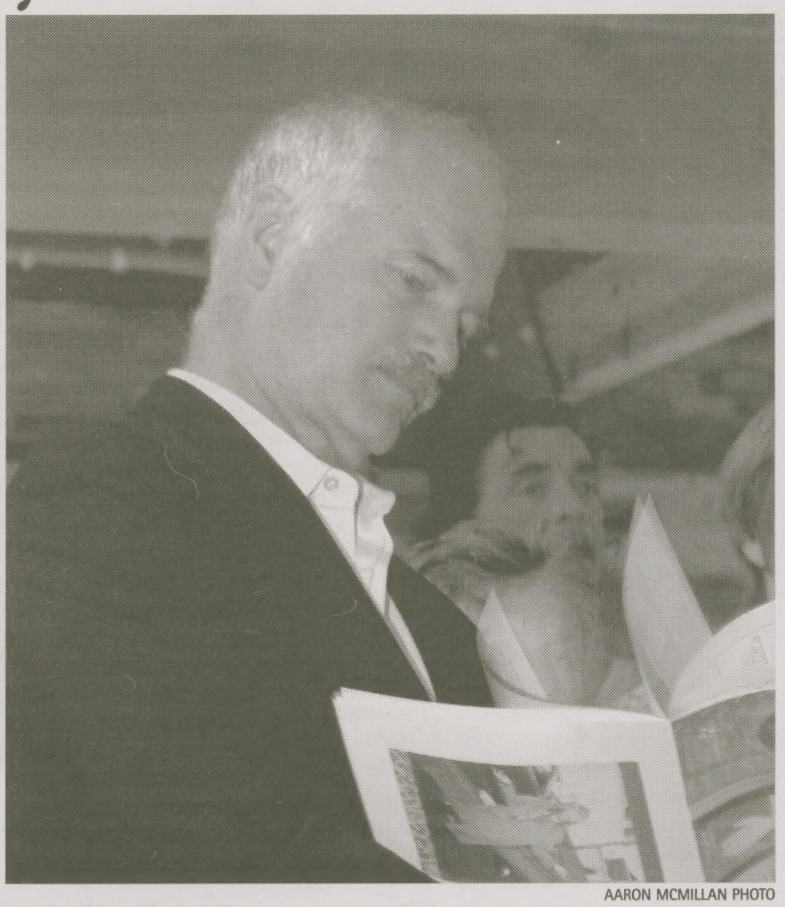
"We've been blaming the homeless too long for being homeless," said Layton. "In just about every community, it can happen." The solution to homelessness, said Layton, is simple: "Let's begin to invest in affordable housing."

In fact, this past May, Layton negotiated an amendment to the federal government's budget in exchange for NDP support in the minority Parliament. The amendment included deferring $4.6 billion in corporate tax cuts and instead investing that money into environmental and social concerns. $1.6 billion went towards building affordable housing across Canada.

Although the federal government budget plans are encouraging, the Victoria Cool Aid Society still needs donations in any form or size.

"Towels are always hugely popular," said McTavish. "We always need hygiene supplies, canned food, backpacks, and, towards winter, warm coats." As the calendar points out, a home isn't all that Victoria's homeless need.

"Homeless in the Garden City" calendars cost $10 each and are available at Munro's Books, Chapters, the Downtown Victoria Business Association, Victoria Cool Aid Society Administration Office, Leadership Victoria, and online at www.spud.ca.



AARON MCMILLAN PHOTO

"We've been blaming the homeless too long for being homeless," said Federal NDP leader Jack Layton at the calendar launch.

American soldier and family seek refuge in Canada

After eight months in Iraq, Joshua Key began to doubt the validity of the war

by Norman Ed Baskerville

Private First class Joshua Key served in the U.S. Army for eight months in Iraq before he returned on two weeks' leave in November 2003.

"I told my wife what I'd seen and said I'm not going back," he said.

According to Pentagon estimates, he's now one of 5,500 U.S. soldiers who have deserted since the start of the war.

Some of the deserters, like Key with his wife and four children, are thought to have avoided prosecution by the U.S. military courts by crossing into Canada to seek political refuge.

"The atrocities that were happening to the innocent people of Iraq—I didn't want to be part of it no more," said Key, at UVic Aug. 4 as part of a tour presented by The War Resisters Support Campaign.

Key joined the U.S. military in Oklahoma in 2002 and claims recruiters told him he would serve in a bridge building unit in the continental U.S. so he could be close to his family.

"I should have known the recruiters were full of shit," said Key.

Once he enlisted, the U.S. army told him that they needed soldiers in Iraq now and that he would be trained in explosives and landmines.

He was sent to Iraq in April of 2003. His unit was in Ramadi for three weeks before it got violent. Key's job was to patrol streets and raid homes.

"We'd use explosives to blow up the front door, then run in, grab any males over 16 and send them off for interrogation and hold the screaming women and children at gunpoint while we completely destroyed their home."

In his over 100 raids on Iraqi homes, Key said his unit never found weapons or links to terrorism.

"There were no weapons of mass destruction," he said. "They had no military whatsoever. And I started to wonder."

His doubts about the validity of the war escalated as he saw the senseless death toll of innocent Iraqi civilians.

While he was manning a traffic control point in Falluja, Key witnessed a U.S. tank blow up a car that passed through without permission. There was a father and his child inside. The father was dead and the boy was badly injured. Key bandaged him up and took him to the closest hospital.

The man and child didn't speak English. "They just didn't understand what 'stop' meant," Key said.

One horrific incident made Key realize that U.S. soldiers were not going to be held accountable for their actions.

"We turned a corner and all I saw were heads and bodies. There were American troops in the middle saying they had lost it. I was told to go and see if I could find evidence of a firefight and what went on. As soon as I stepped out of the tank I saw American soldiers kicking a head around like a soccer ball."

The next day Key asked his platoon leader if anyone had followed up on the incident. He was told that it wasn't his concern.

Brandi Key said her normally calm husband returned home from Iraq crazy, and thought everyone wanted to kill him. He has since been diagnosed with and is being treated for post traumatic syndrome.

She supported him, and after months spent traveling from motel to motel in Philadelphia, they brought their family to Canada in hopes of obtaining refugee status. Currently, they can't work here legally and without the help of the money raised by The War Resisters Support Campaign, they would be destitute.

The Keys' hearing to stay here permanently will start Sept. 2, but if precedent is followed it doesn't look good for them. Immigration policies have changed in Canada since the 1970s when Vietnam War resisters were given refuge by Prime Minister Trudeau.

So far no U.S. soldier of the Iraqi war has been granted asylum in Canada. Jeremy Hinzman, a former U.S. Army paratrooper, was refused refugee status on March 24, 2005. Hinzmen is currently appealing the decision.

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UVic race team shifts into high gear

by Bryna Hallam

PATRICK CRANE PHOTO

The UVic FSAE team sped to an 11th place finish at the Formula Student competition in England.

There will be no trip to Western Speedway anytime soon. The car is in pieces on the floor of the garage.

"We were testing it last night," explained Ian McMurdo, "and we heard a sound like metal on metal." Not exactly what you want to hear when driving a formula-style race car at high speeds.

McMurdo is a member of UVic's Formula Society of Automotive Engineers (FSAE) team, a group of students who each year design, build and race a formula-style, open-wheeled, open-cockpit race car.

Like most of his team-mates, McMurdo love cars. "I've always been sort of a car nut," he said. Good thing, since he estimates spending 50 hours some weeks on the project. "The average is closer to 15 per week," he adds.

All of that work paid off in July, when the team travelled to Leicester, England for the Formula Student competition. They placed 11th in a field of 63—their best finish since they began competing in 2001. "It was a pretty huge improvement," said McMurdo. "Before we were always in the bottom half."

The competition is based on the premise that a company hired the team to build a prototype car. The car had to have a very high performance in terms of its acceleration, braking and handling qualities. It also had to be low in cost (under $25,000 US), easy to maintain, reliable, aesthetically pleasing, comfortable, and use common parts. UVic's car cost under $18,000 US.

According to McMurdo, a lot of the other teams come from automotive engineering programs—something UVic doesn't offer. As a result, their designs are often fancier.

Fancier, however, doesn't mean better. "A lot of teams with great looking cars broke during the endurance race," said McMurdo. "We just try to build a simple reliable car, and not to get too carried away."

The current team—it changes often due to school and co-op schedules—is made up of 15 mechanical engineering students, though McMurdo says that being an engineering student isn't a requirement for getting involved. In fact, they're particularly interested in getting business students involved, to help with the administrative and business-plan side of the competition.

This was the first year the UVic team competed in the Formula Student event in England. In previous years, they competed in a similar event in Detroit, Mich.—the Formula SAE.

The event is growing in size, and is so popular that all 140 spots were filled just over an hour. Unable to register, the UVic team opted to go to England instead.

"[The event] turned out to be pretty cool," said McMurdo, adding that it was more expensive to travel to England instead of Detroit.

The team's annual budget is around $30,000. About half of that comes from the university, while the other half is made up donations—in the form of money and parts—from sponsors.

Drop the puck already

A look at some highlights of the NHL's new Collective Bargaining Agreement

by Mike Berry

After ten months the longest strike in sport history is over.

In retrospect, though, I really question the whole notion that it was a strike in the first place, as opposed to a struggle over nickels and dimes between the well to do.

Lest we forget, this past year was not just a strike—it was a lockout. Seeing that 76 per cent of the league's revenue went into player costs, the owners were fervently bent on attaining a salary cap—something the players just could not concede to, for they knew it would come out of their pockets.

The owners locked-out the season because they wanted more of what the players had—money. I guess in the owners' case it would be savings. As if either side didn't really have enough!

Ultimately, the players succumbed to the owners' demands, signing the new Collective Bargaining Agreement (CBA) July 21.

According to Don Cherry and Ron Maclean, two trustworthy CBC hockey correspondents, unlike the 1994 deal, the new CBA is more favourable to the owners.

Before the new deal, the free market system determined player salaries. Now the NHL has endorsed a salary cap on a team-by-team basis. Based on projected league revenue of $1.7 million, the cap will range from $21.5 million to $39 million. No individual player may receive in excess of 20 per cent of the club's upper limit in total annual compensation. For 2005-2006, the maximum salary will be $7.8 million.

The league also enacted a payroll tax within the new CBA. The tax will penalize any team who spends over 54 per cent of defined league-revenue. The players also had to accept a 24 per cent rollback on existing contracts in order for a payroll tax to be considered.

Owners can now downgrade underperforming players once their contracts expire. This will help curb rising player salaries. However, this downgrading must be put to a two-way arbitration scenario. Both the owners and players submit a final offer to an arbitrator, who will then judge on them without any middle ground to work with.

Before agreeing to two-way arbitration, the players demanded a reduction in the age at which they could become unrestricted free agents. Starting next summer, unrestricted free agency will be granted to those who are either over 29—down from 31 years old—and have played four seasons, or if under 29, have played eight seasons.

By 2007-08 the age will drop to 27 and number of seasons to seven. Flooding the unrestricted free agency list will also benefit owners because having more supply should ultimately reduce salaries.

The maximum salary for rookies will be $850,000, including bonuses for 2005-06. This ultimately helps owners free up spending for proven veterans.

Both sides also agreed to a revenue sharing scheme that will have the top 10 franchises contribute between $3 to $8 million in support of the bottom 15 clubs.

So why did the owners strike? Lou Lamoriello, New Jersey Devils CEO and general manager told the CBC, "We went through this process for a reason, maybe some people agree or disagree, but it wasn't by any means out of spite or out of anything other than the sheer economics of where our game had gone."

Who's at fault for allowing the game to become so economically unsound? Obviously it's the players' fault, taking 76 per cent of the revenue and all. It seems only fair to me, how many players are there to owners?

Expansion was also very important to the owners, as expressed by owners like Charles Wang of the New York Islanders. "You've got to expand the marketplace," he told the CBC. The owners must be looking to expand the league to flood it with players, hoping ultimately to reduce salaries and increase their earnings. But, like in every other capitalist scenario where this has occurred, quality decreases with expansion.

Martin O'Malley, editor of *CBC News Online*, argues against the so-called soundness of expansion, and in fact believes it was integral to putting the league in financial trouble in the first place.

"[The strike] might be good in the way summer fallow is good for the farmer, giving the fields time for the moisture and nutrients in the soil to recover," he writes. "The lockout/strike also comes at a time when professional hockey needs to take stock of itself."

But the strike's over and the game will most likely continue unabated. Hopefully in the next couple of years, with the help of NAFTA, we will be able to see hockey expanded into Mexico. I heard players there would work for food? Now I see why the owners are so eager to expand south, and the players are feeling slightly threatened.

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London Calling

PROVIDED PHOTO

by Matt J. Simmons

On Thursday, July 7, I'm at work in Reading, just 40 miles from London. The initial news comes early in the morning—the Tube's shut, there's been a power surge. I share a dubious look with my colleague, and only a few minutes later we hear that a bus has blown up in Tavistock Place—another power surge? The reality is quickly clear: London is being bombed.

Work very nearly stops completely for the remainder of the day as we all watch the news filter through the BBC website, and make sure those we know in London are safe. There's a sense of incredulity: "Is this happening? Is this real?" As the death toll climbs and the facts begin to become clear, a sense of quiet sadness suffuses the room.

Later in the day I check the London Transport website to see about travelling in London and print out a couple of maps in case we have to walk anywhere. Because, despite the madness and the terrorism, I am going to Fabric.

Fabric is a venue that showcases some of the world's best DJs and musical acts. I have my ticket, the line-up is phenomenal: I am going to Fabric.

And I feel somewhat justified when Sir Ian Blair of the Met police tells London to continue normal business and show the world the strength of the city. Friday morning I email people back home in Canada: "I'm ok, wasn't in London, still going tonight."

My friend Devon, who is visiting from Canada for 10 days, and I start off from Reading at about 8:30 Friday night, most of a bottle of vodka already gone, washed down with heaps of Redbull.

Sliding quietly down the nearly empty escalators in Paddington station feels like a descent into some kind of "forbidden zone" and I half-expect soldiers with sub-machine guns to be waiting on the platform. But the platform is empty. And on the trains, only a handful of edgy people.

Outside the club we finish our drinks, collect our tickets and head inside. Because we're so early, there isn't a line-up, so we walk straight in. Fabric, which is located fairly close to the famed St. Paul's cathedral, was a Victorian meat cellar in a previous incarnation. Now it is one of the world's best and most renowned clubs.

PROVIDED PHOTO

And here we are: dreamily descending the stairs, our excitement increasing exponentially with every step (or maybe that's just the Redbull making our hearts beat faster). Halfway down the stairs at a turn, one door opens up on the right, and on the left the stairs continue down. A shrug of the shoulders and we arbitrarily head down and open the doors to hear a laid back breakbeat tune. Head for the music with grins.

We round the corner into what we soon discover is the breaks room. Above the stage and the DJ's head, the Marine Parade logo is projected onto the brick wall. It's slightly smoky and the bass sounds soooo good. The DJ up is Will Saul. He has a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth and like us he's wearing a white "Make Poverty History" wristband. With frayed jeans, t-shirt, stubble, and messy hair, he's a scruffy guy like me, and any shred of self-consciousness I might have had disappears.

He's playing smooth breaks and oh, does it sound good to hear a proper sound system again. There's an upper balcony level overlooking the dance floor so we head up to check it out. Lining the red brick walls of this upper level are leather benches, and little cubby-holes lit by candles.

PROVIDED PHOTO

From here we go discover the hip hop room, a strange area with pillars shooting down from the ceiling to embed themselves in the dark floor, the walls accented with soft lights. There are three levels here. The top one is a little balcony looking down at the booth and over a dance floor, with leather couches, and great ducts overhead. The second level is an open square room with piping down the walls. And the lowest level has the DJ and two dance floors, spilt by the massive brick pillars.

Resident Joe Ransom is playing a six-hour set, turntables turned sideways, for now content to roll out big bouncy ragga tunes—a form of dancehall reggae—and old-school hip hop. Then it's into the drum and bass room where most of the early crowd congregates, some already dancing to the hard-hitting beats dropped from the killer sound system and orchestrated by Maximus.

This room is dark, large and smoky, and the stage is tucked around a corner. We stay for a bit, Devon dancing on the "bodysonic" dance floor (speakers have been built into the floor so sound actually vibrates up into you), but soon move on to explore the building, making sure we've seen everything there is to see, before eventually heading back into the breaks room.

More people are arriving every minute and they start to fill the floor, with Will Saul hammering out the end of his opening set that just starts to build and build, then breaks, but builds right back up again. You can taste the feelings in here. And I'm asked a few times if I'm selling pills—I guess I just look happy. Residents Plump DJs come out, opening with a live remix of The Doors' "Roadhouse Blues" (Let it roll, baby roll, let it roll ... all night long) and I suddenly find myself front and centre jumping around like a fool on drugs, except no drugs are necessary for this boy.

And, to clarify—I don't dance. Repeat: I. Do. Not. Dance. The atmosphere in the building is amazing, intense and exultant, and it truly is impossible not to be carried away with it all. Plump play for two hours plus and I'm there the whole time, the sweat pouring from my face. The crowd eats up every minute, and despite the seemingly over-capacity club I somehow find space enough to dance.

Then the Bassbin Twins go up—I keep dancing for a bit, then leave Devon to it and drop from the packed floor with soaked t-shirt, sore legs, under flashing lights and the smoky madness. I text my wife at home from the stairs outside, catching my breath: "All is well, can't hear, drenched in sweat, happy." I'm hot the instant I come back inside, and I watch the end of the Twins' set from the back.

Then Adam Freeland, the owner of Marine Parade, the label sponsoring the night, and an internationally acclaimed DJ/producer, comes on. With his arrival on the stage the atmosphere intensifies—it's impossible not to dance, hearing those hard breaks with a bass that makes your eyeballs vibrate, but because the floor is overflowing with bodies, I dance at the back: "The Force will be with you ... always always always." People around me are standing and watching, but with my crazed jumping around, I twice manage to get nearly a dozen people dancing and it feels great.

In the moment I manage to lose all fear and self-consciousness and I no longer care about anything but the beat. Oh, does it feel good. Freeland's set is killer and so much the better because he has fun with it, playing with the crowd, dropping the bass, scratching, sampling, looping, laughing, dancing and jumping all over the stage. Devon comes out of the crowd at the end of the two-hour set, tired and drenched with a shit-eating grin on his face, and we go sit in the stairwell for awhile to cool off and let our vibrating legs relax.

Then it's back inside—getting tired, but still ready for action. This time we head not to the manic downstairs floor, but to the balcony looking down over the two guys that make up Evil Nine. We dance away up there behind the lights board. We dance to the laptop/triple turntable set that kicks ass, watching laser lights playing off raised hands and the movements of smoke rising off the dancing heads of the mass that a dance-floor becomes. The musical duo seem to love every minute, laughing and dancing away on the stage until five in the morning and you can't see through the smoke and dry ice anymore.

As the bars shut, we grab a final OJ for the road (that'd be one for the Frog and Toad in rhyming slang), and head out into the daylight. It's always a strange feeling being awake for an entire night, seeing the morning light and I get flashback feelings to my younger days when this was a common occurrence. The club doesn't sell t-shirts (I nearly trade mine with the bartender), but we get handed a souvenir package with poster on the way out.

Because the Tube doesn't run until 6 a.m. or after and the line that suits us best isn't running at all due to the attacks, we have to walk three long, tired miles to near Regent's Park. We get slightly lost (but not really), and walk for a while with a pair of equally lost French guys over from Paris. They give us a pill they found on the floor, and we chat about DJing and music and where we're from—the usual 6-in-the-morning post-party stuttering conversation, further frustrated by the language barrier, but I find it amusing and enjoyable anyway.

We split with them near Euston Road and then find ourselves at King's Cross and a deep melancholy hits me as I see the police barriers and camera crews. The only people out are police, taxi drivers, reporters and the very occasional early-riser.

We walk past them all, the barriers keep us from seeing more than we can take: Russell Square, Tavistock, and Edgware Road. It's surreal and slightly eerie and not much is said, occasionally muttering about something random just to give our ears a change from the ringing. We talk briefly about the phenomenon that is watching a city wake up with eyes that have seen the night through, and London somehow takes on a glow that endears it to me in a way I didn't think possible.

We finally arrive home at 8 a.m., tired, deaf, bruised and dazed. "Would you do it again?" In a second, in a heartbeat ... beat ... beat ... beat ... beat.

Funky monkey business

by Angela Andersen

There is a very serious Black Eyed Peas situation.

You are stranded on a deserted island, and you can either choose to have a copy of the Black Eyed Peas latest CD *Monkey Business* (some sort of solar-powered CD player fashioned from coconuts will be provided—ripping is out of the question, because you will have no downloading or burning technology, which only comes with the sea shell model), or you can watch as they play a live show (and no, the Peas cannot rescue you from the island). It's a tough call.

In keeping with its animal-themed title, and that of its predecessor *Elephunk*, dogs and cats seem to be quite excited by *Monkey Business* (that could also be related to my tendency to jump up and down during tracks like "Pump It").

The genuine funky article appears on "They Don't Want Music," where collaborator James Brown sings, "They don't want music/ they don't know how ta use it/ just go boom-boom-boom-boom-boom." Ironically, this is followed by the sometimes vapid lyrics and broken-record loops and backbeats of "Disco Club."

AARON MCMILLAN PHOTO

Black Eyed Pea apl.de.ap pumps it louder at the Save-On-Foods Centre July 21.

"Don't Lie" has a comfortable mix of true emotion and some sassy rhymes, and the Peas continue to experiment with the addition of Stacy "Fergie" Ferguson's writing contribution on songs like "Feel It" and the versatility provided by her vocals on the dancehall inspired "Dum Diddly."

BEP arrived in Victoria July 21 as part of their Canadian tour in support of *Monkey Business* this summer.

Canada's own Jully Black started off the show with songs from her new album *This is Me*. Her short-but-fantastic set was worthy of more than its "entrance music" status, but both Black and fellow opener Talib Kweli worked successfully for the attention of the crowd.

Truth be told, by the time Fergie, will.i.am, apl.de.ap and Taboo came out, they could have been using overhead projectors and a string of Christmas lights as their stage design and the audience would have loved it.

Sure, there was smoke and lights and a giant monkey plaque, but the show displayed the very evident talent of the Peas and their back-up band, along with a real feeling that the Peas were enjoying themselves on stage.

After a concert's worth of break dancing, sing-offs and their growing list of hits, the Peas appeared to be preparing for their encore... which turned out to be another full-length, energetic set.

Vancouver Island is not exactly deserted, but in the past, a lot of acts wouldn't travel to perform in Victoria. That has changed with the new Save-On-Foods Memorial Centre. Although more of a sports venue than a concert hall, and in spite of the many construction challenges, the Centre seems to be luring the likes of the Peas: at a listed price of $47.50 plus fees, the tickets were not small bananas, but the Centre was filled to capacity.

Artists can package themselves and their most recent musical efforts as a CD, making money and reaching a wide audience.

But when The Black Eyed Peas are on stage, their sense of humour, break dancing skills, percussion improvs and the way they thrive on the energy of the crowd drives their performance. Those elements can't be pressed into disc form.

You might be stuck on the island, and you might have to settle for the *Monkey Business* instead of the real, live funky business, but go for the show if you can.

The thang about twang

by Rachelle LeBlanc

Why is it that all of a sudden, wearing a green and yellow John Deere mesh hat is fashionable?

It wasn't that long ago that anything remotely western was apt to be dragged, with its hapless wearer, to the stocks and publicly humiliated, snide comments, tittering laughter and all.

Now, cowboy boots are in, tractor-manufacturers are off-shooting into clothing, "Dust on the Bottle" can be heard blaring from studs' trucks everywhere, and the Merritt Mountain Music Festival, held July 14–17, was one of the summer's hottest tickets.

This summer's festival attendance of 148,000 blew away previous records (128,000), and Friday's performances were sold out, reaching single-day capacity for the first time in Mountainfest's 13-year history. No one knows why exactly ticket sales hit the roof for that day, but rumour has it that perhaps Tim McGraw's much-anticipated show had something to do with it.

In my opinion, this just shows that the world of fashion and pop-culture has finally come to its senses, but then, I'm from a rural speck so small, it makes Merritt look like a vast, thriving metropolis. Then I moved from that east-coast speck to Langford, where I grew up. (Yeah, yeah, spare me the Langford jokes, I guarantee you I've heard them already.)

Like every style of music and dress, country has a cycle that grows and then recedes, at least in the eyes of pop culture. Right now, western is in, meshing with other cultures, like the cowboy-surfer thing that saw straw hats being worn with board shorts.

In a way, it makes sense. Country is comfortable. It's laidback, musically and fashion-wise. It's as though the entire continent is taking a step back and relaxing. It's nothing new.

Maybe it started creeping in slowly, with artists like Shania Twain and Faith Hill playing simultaneously on country and pop stations. Or even before, with Garth Brooks' "Friends in Low Places," which die-hard, anti-country people all mysteriously know the words to, and will sing along with, if they've had enough to drink.

Think about it: cowboys—their boots, their romantic crooning and their hats—made America famous hundreds of years ago. And unlike platform shoes and bell-bottoms, the fashions and music didn't fade when the trends did.

Rather, musicians are making it big their second time around, like the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (the proof is 148,000 people singing "Fishing in the Dark" at the top of their lungs. They all know the words, and the song is decades old).

These musicians are not overnight successes; they are accomplished artists in their genre, who are, at least for right now, taking their turn in the golden glow of mainstream popularity.

So what is it? Who knows. Will it last? Probably not, but I'll be wearing my boots and hat, and listening to the tunes, until it comes round again. Yeehaw!

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CD REVIEW | MEGADETH

Megadeth
Greatest Hits
Capitol

by Andrew M. Wender

Dave Mustaine, Megadeth's volatile and visionary frontman, has forever been perceived—including, seemingly, by himself—through the prism of his acrimonious relationship with his former band, Metallica.

Consider last year's documentary, *Metallica: Some Kind of Monster*, where Mustaine holds Lars Ulrich and James Hetfield accountable for the ongoing personal anguish spawned by his 1983 ejection from the nascent metal titan.

Knowledgeable metal fans may be forgiven, however, for failing to grasp Mustaine's self-pity, because, as the new CD *Megadeth Greatest Hits* exemplifies, the band that he formed in response to Metallica has created some of the genre's most brilliant songs.

Spanning 15 years, from the group's 1985 debut album, *Killing Is My Business...And Business Is Good!*, to 2000, the CD showcases the band's hallmarks: the melding of powerful thrash with complex, yet catchy melodies, and socially and politically conscious lyrics delivered in Mustaine's gripping snarl.

Numerous masterpieces appear, including the magisterial "Symphony of Destruction," the rolling bass and corkscrewing guitar solos of "Peace Sells," and "Holy Wars...The Punishment Due," which never sounded more urgent post-9/11.

Flaws? The haphazard organization of tracks obscures their chronology, essential older songs are excluded in favor of some unworthy newer material, and the liner notes tend to privilege self-congratulation over insight.

On the whole, *Megadeth Greatest Hits* is worthy testament to a band whose artistry is undiminished by rival Metallica's greater commercial success.

It's like deth, but mega.

Want a free copy of Megadeth's Greatest Hits? If so, just be the first person to throw up the horns for us at the Martlet office (SUB B011).

You know... the hand gesture.

On the fringe

ALISTAIR NEWTON PHOTO

Woyzeck, the last angry man, makes an appearance at this year's Victoria Fringe Fest.

What: Victoria Fringe Festival
Where: Five venues in Victoria
When: August 25–Sept 5
How much: $8 or less

by Deena Kinarthy

What do a madman, a gothic opera chick, Jesus, and writer/performer TJ Dawe have in common?

They are all part of this summer's ingenious, completely uncensored, un-juried, alternative Fringe Festival happening August 25–Sept 5, 2005.

Producer of the festival (and Intrepid Theatre), Janet Munsil describes the Fringe as "an antidote to mainstream theater."

"It is very artist-driven," she said. "[Fringe theatres] are usually started by people who want to produce their own work and at the same time support other local artists . . . For the audience it is a very eclectic, unexpected mix of performances."

Although not every show that gets into the Fringe is guaranteed to be thought-provoking or even important, Munsil explains that there is still controversy, and "as long as the performers don't break the law onstage, then it is freedom of speech." Munsil accepts plays on a first come first serve basis.

Every year at least 50 per cent of the acts are from B.C. The festival offers everything you could want—musicals, contemporary dance, monologues, new genres, and adaptations of classical plays.

In five venues set up in temporary stages around town, many artists debut original works, such as Cara Yeats' multi-media-Zen-like look at the wild world of tree-planting: a uniquely Canadian experience.

Yeats says, "Tree planting is such a big part of our culture and yet, it is still relatively unexplored."

So how do you separate the trash from the treasure?

Munsil suggests standing in the pre-show line-ups and casually asking other audiences what they thought of the shows.

Director and UVic Phoenix Theatre graduate Alistair Newton believes in using the Fringe circuit to "raise the bar" in theater.

With his adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Woyzeck*, renamed *Woyzeck: Songspiel* because of added music by Kurt Weil, and cutting-edge costumes by Matt Jackson, Newton, who is known for pushing the envelope, hopes to culturally educate audiences.

"Postmodernism has to be over," says Newton about the quality of theatre today. "If there was a cultural zeitgeist of the '90s it was apathy. The '90s was all about caring about nothing. There needs to be some kind of higher thought. . . .Woyzeck is not an insane man in an insane world. Wozyeck is the last angry man."

On a more comic note, comedian and writer Andrew Bailey will present his first full-length stand-up monologue called *Scrupulosity*, directed by Phoenix graduate and fellow Atomic Vaudeville performer Britt Small. While his style differs, his wit and honest humor is likely to give him similar success to UVic theatre graduate and fellow Fringe performer TJ Dawe.

Ironically, Bailey will stage his humorous and honest piece about religious obsession at St. John's Church, where he went as a kid.

Bailey is best known for his Woody Allen Jesus character in Atomic, so when asked if we will be seeing any Woody Allen impressions at the Fringe, Bailey replied, "Jesus may or may not be coming back... [But] I'm just one big walking Woody Allen impersonation."

For a full list of shows visit www.victoriafringe.com. To volunteer, contact Nathan at (250) 383-2663.

A garden can grow in the most Lilliputian of spaces

by Angela Andersen

ANGELA ANDERSEN PHOTO

Mmm, mmm, good. You too can grow these sweet sweet tomatoes.

Ahh, Victoria, the "City of Gardens"—at least for those who have a place to grow things.

But are you in Student Housing? Renting a tiny apartment where mildew is the closest you will get to your own green space? Don't worry.

You can still cultivate a potted, container garden on even the most Lilliputian balcony or windowsill. Better still, you can take it with you when you move (presumably to another cramped and gardenless rental).

Victoria's growing season lasts late into autumn, meaning that even those who set up their balcony container garden in late summer can grow healthy herbs, flowers and the odd vegetable. In fact, because many stores are clearing out their gardening stock at this time of year, the supplies for your port-a-garden will come much cheaper than in the spring time.

Like gardening directly in the soil, container gardening requires some patience and experimentation to set up the right combination of plants, moisture and sunlight. According to Doug from the Cannor Nursery Garden Shop at Hillside Centre, if you have a primarily shady area, coleus, which has vibrant red and green leaves, impatients, lobelia or the hanging bacopa are good choices.

For shaded spots, he suggests petunias, which come in a huge range of colours and will last until October or even November. Herbs that favour sun but are hearty enough to survive into late autumn include lavender, rosemary and parsley. Although many vegetables go to seed in late summer, sun-loving tomatoes will often continue to produce.

The containers you select can include anything from the plastic pots you brought the plants home in to ceramic planters, cast off tea pots and (yes, I have seen it), old porcelain toilets. It is important to keep in mind that the roots of your plants, which would normally grow out into the earth, are bound by the container you put them in.

Avid gardener Aurea Pereira points out that drainage is another important consideration. If your container doesn't have drainage holes, the water will have no way of passing through, and could eventually drown the plant if you over-water. "You can add small rocks or gravel to the bottom of your planter, which will help the water to collect under the roots," she suggests.

Those plants do need to drink, and filling your empty Slurpee cup with water and dumping it over your potted treasures is just going to damage leaves and erode the dirt, creating a crust on top of the soil that will prevent any water from soaking down towards the roots.

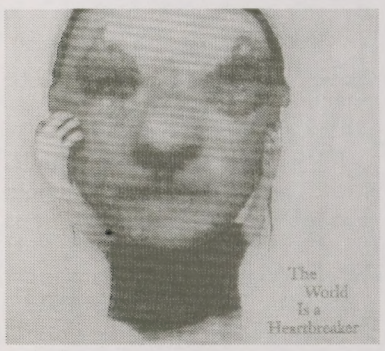
Try to get a watering can with a long spout that will have a slow, gentle trickle. Twist ties and sticks are sometimes needed to support tall or weak stems—you can also use the rungs from a balcony railing.

A sharp knife, sturdy kitchen scissors or small gardening shears are useful for trimming or, if you have any kind of success, harvesting. A digging tool for planting and moving the soil is also important. Your fingers will do, or you can try using old serving spoons and forks if you don't want to buy a hand shovel.

At the beginning, you will need to select from what the nurseries offer, but if you are encouraged to continue, you can explore native and heritage plants including local wild flora and plants from Canada's pre-industrial agricultural past.

Even if you only go as far as sticking some rosemary in a bucket on your balcony, you will have a fragrant and living garden.

BOOK REVIEW | THE WORLD IS A HEARTBREAKER



The World Is a Heartbreaker
By Sherwin Tjia
Coach House Books
169 pages, $15.95

by Bryna Hallam

Sherwin Tjia's *The World Is a Heartbreaker* is poetry for a generation raised on TV and cola and microwave dinners.

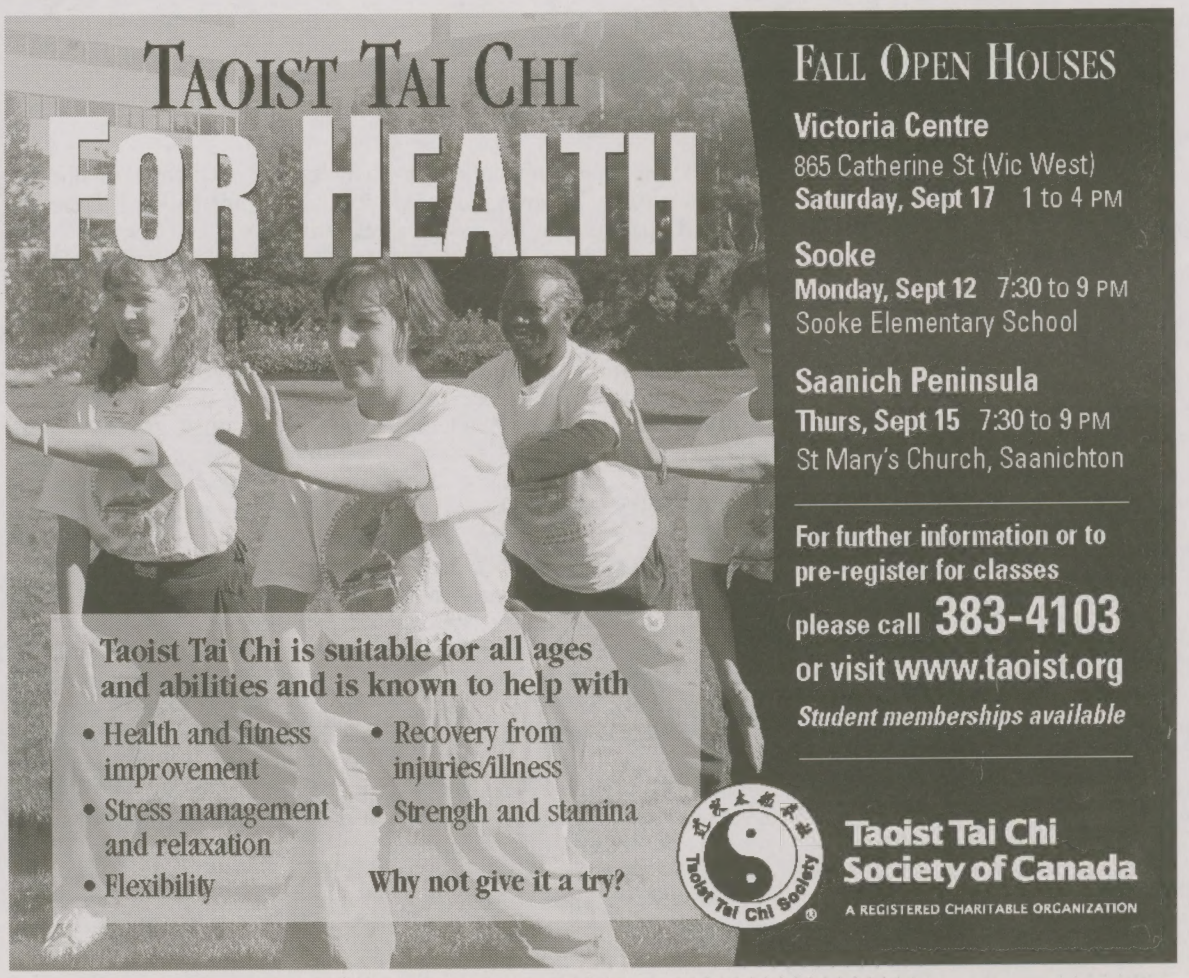
Brief, tasty and easy to digest, Tjia's poems are sound bite-sized pseudohaiku—three-lined poems freed from the familiar 5/7/5 syllable structure—that are a perfect respite from slogging through an epic poem.

Flipping through the book is a little like flipping through someone's diary, or reading the scribbles and doodles in the margins of a notebook. That sense of voyeurism is, of course, part of the joy of the book.

Tjia's poems are equal part observation (his fart/ an unquestionable breach/ of etiquette), confessional (i get all horny/ after coffee, at/ my desk), insight (that love may/ not come around for/ all of us) and innuendo (i want your/ ketchup on/ my hotdog).

The random smattering of poems on the page leaves you to read in whatever order you want, and make whatever connections jump out at you. Although the poems aren't necessarily ordered or connected, they form a sort of constellation map of Tjia's world.

Overall, the book is clever and fun. Somewhere in the book, you're bound to find either an "aha!" moment of truth or the perfect t-shirt slogan.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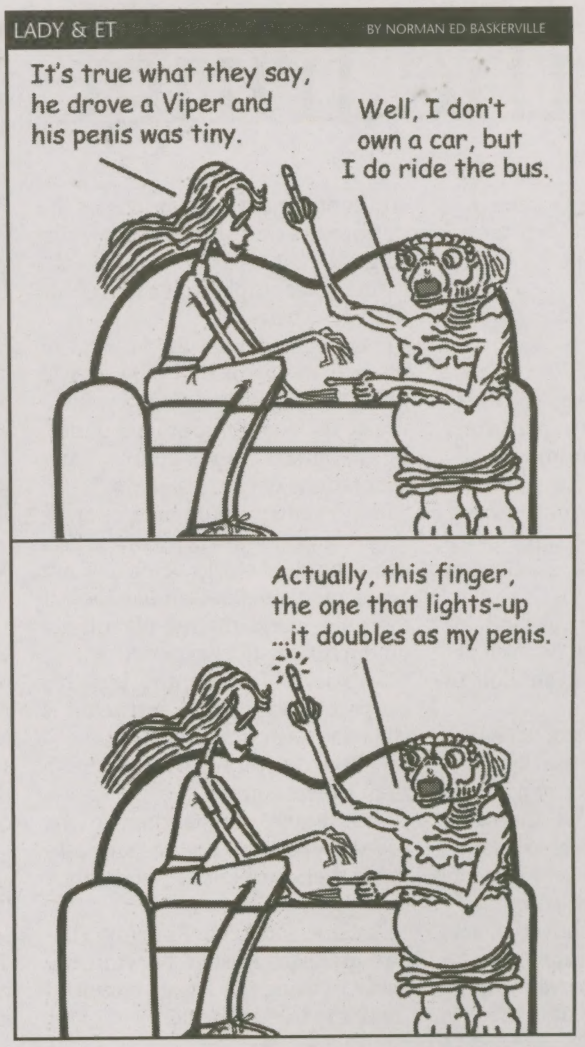
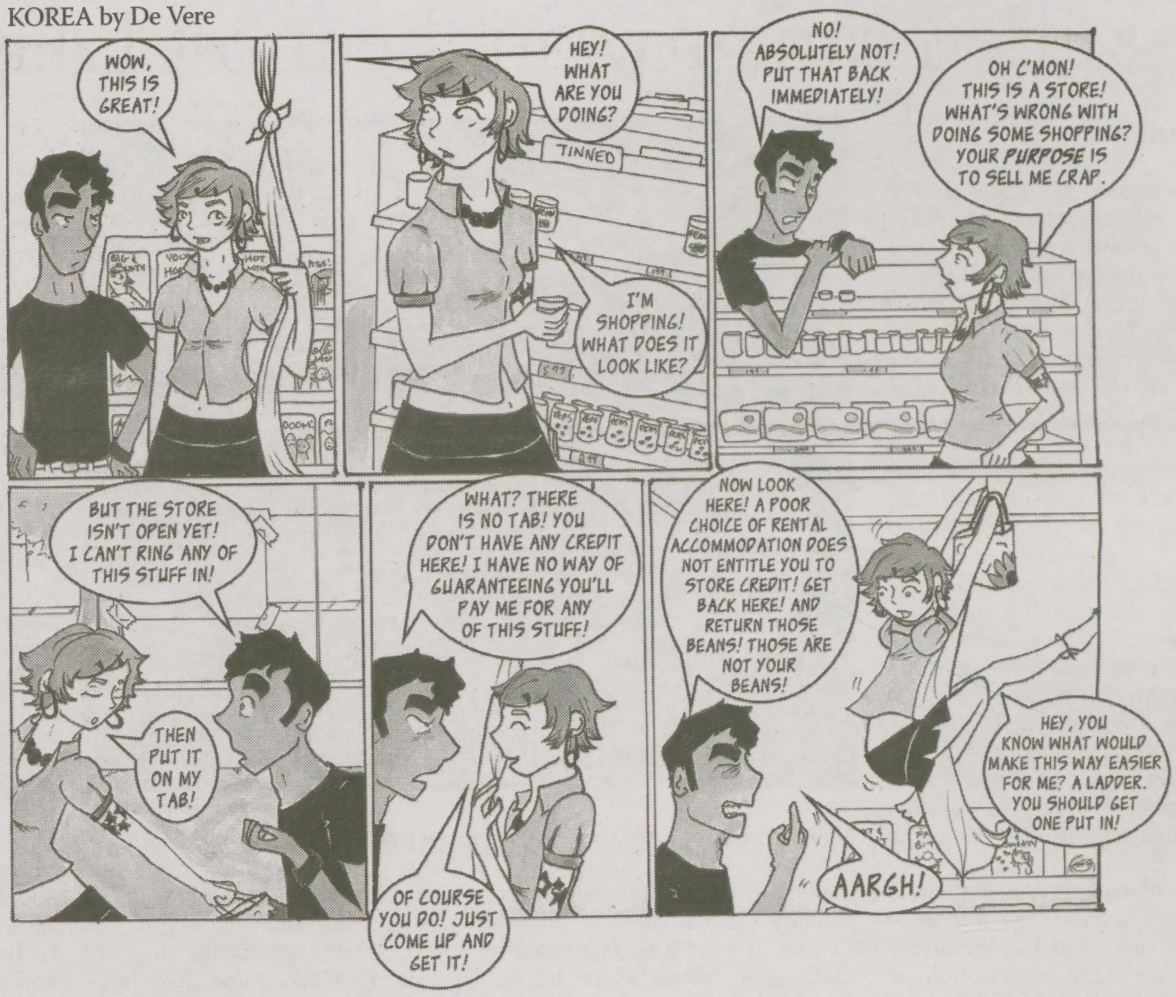

LADY & ET
BY NORMAN ED BASKERVILLE
It's true what they say, he drove a Viper and his penis was tiny.
Well, I don't own a car, but I do ride the bus.
Actually, this finger, the one that lights-up ...it doubles as my penis.

KOREA by De Vere


WOW, THIS IS GREAT!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TINNED
I'M SHOPPING! WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! PUT THAT BACK IMMEDIATELY!
OH C'MON! THIS IS A STORE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH DOING SOME SHOPPING? YOUR PURPOSE IS TO SELL ME CRAP.
BUT THE STORE ISN'T OPEN YET! I CAN'T RING ANY OF THIS STUFF IN!
THEN PUT IT ON MY TAB!
WHAT? THERE IS NO TAB! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CREDIT HERE! I HAVE NO WAY OF GUARANTEEING YOU'LL PAY ME FOR ANY OF THIS STUFF!
OF COURSE YOU DO! JUST COME UP AND GET IT!
NOW LOOK HERE! A POOR CHOICE OF RENTAL ACCOMMODATION DOES NOT ENTITLE YOU TO STORE CREDIT! GET BACK HERE! AND RETURN THOSE BEANS! THOSE ARE NOT YOUR BEANS!
HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD MAKE THIS WAY EASIER FOR ME? A LADDER. YOU SHOULD GET ONE PUT IN!
AARGH!

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Intermediate—Adavanced starts tuesday, Sept. 13, 7-9 p.m. Beginners start Wed., Sept 14, 7-9 p.m. and Sept. 16, 4-6 p.m. Until early to mid-December. Where? St. Saviour's Anglican Church, 310 Henry St. (3rd right off the Bay St. Bridge). 384-8773.

ANNOUNCEMENTS/EVENTS

David Usher and Guests at Centennial Square Aug. 27, 7 p.m.. Open Air & Kool FM present this performance as part of Open Air in the Square, don't miss it! Tickets: $23.50.

QUEEN - IT'S A KINDA MAGIC
Royal Theatre Sept. 6-8 p.m.. Join this tribute band whose show is based on Queen's 1986 World tour. Expect a night of music that will get you singing. Tickets: $70.25, $60.25, $50.25.

HEY YOU!

Please, please water your trees!
For the sake of the birds, the bugs and the seeds,
Please, please water your trees!

To the person who turned my wallet into security; many thanks. To the guys who stole my $400 in rent money, earned at minimum wage—in some prison cell somewhere, your Mommas are very proud.

Rainbow, where did you leave the stuff? Call me baby.